

Another Fine Cliche

by Jessica DragonTamer

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Summary: my attempt. read. you'll laugh, i promise.....

Another Fine Cliche

Note: I can't get fanfiction.net to accept < so [] = thought speech tags.

Sorry: Forlay, TRIXSTER, fishie, DMP, ~Utahraptor~;), Rachel, Tobias, StarSeeker, and the BFFACC.

BFFACC belongs to fishie. The title's a rip off of "Another Fine Myth" by Robert Asprin. In fact, the only things I own are listed somewhere in the story. (When I pull stuff out of my pockets.)

Are you STILL reading the disclaimers? For gosh sake read the STORY!!

Another fine Cliche

A girl of about 13 or 14 stands in a hall. The hall resembles a church. The girl is dressed in white and carries a small bunch of flowers. In the pews surrounding her are friends and wannabes.

The minister turns to her and says: "Do you, Jessica DragonTamer, accept the responsibilities that this entails?"

The girl looks at him. "Yeah, yeah, whatever. Gimme." She reaches for the piece of paper in his hand. She throws the flowers over her shoulder and disappears in a puff of smoke.

Behind her a startled StarSeeker catches them.

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Tobias flaps toward the large purple barn. He hopes the paint isn't still wet. Ax had said this was urgent.

A large bear replies. [There's a FanFic author on the loose.]

[Who?]

"Jessica DragonTamer. And she is up to no good. She's already changed the color of the barn."

"I thought you'd painted it."

[Jessica's not that bad. In her future stories I'm the only one that survives.]

[You're on a first name basis!?]

Suddenly the barn turns bright green with big hot-pink splotches. The cages disappear and all the animals turn into wolves, and then run off thorough the door into the cold arctic. The place is transformed to a indoor swimming pool.

In the center of the pool is a girl they hadn't noticed before. She is resting on a blow-up chair, sipping a birch beer.

[Or maybe you're right.]

The girl waves, and suddenly all the animorphs are in bathing suits. Tobias and Ax sport specially made suits. (Say that ten times fast.)

[Wait a human minute. Jessica, do you have the Ani-Writers hand book, Fall/Winter 99 edition?]

Jessica sorts thorough her pockets, pulling out models, books, a nifty laptop (nicely equipped at only \$2,000), extra mice, a draft of The Truth, a few ribbons she's won, a cell phone, a copy of Forlay's version of re-education, a draft of The Leeran Chornicles, a graphics tablet, and finally pulls out the Non-official Ani-Writers hand book, Fall/Winter 99 edition, published by fanfiction.net.

[Please flip to rule #345.]

Jessica does so. "Wait one moment! It says that, and I quote, ' All self-insertion fanfics must (a) not involve other fic writers or (b) have the Animorphs, if they appear at all, play cameo parts.' NOT FAIR!!" Jessica disappears, turning the barn back to normal as she does.

[Wow! Ax-man, how did you know that?] The animorphs all crowd around Ax to receive their free trial copies (your money back if not satisfied) of the Non-official Ani-Writers hand book, Fall/Winter 99 edition published by fanfiction.net. They then set to memorizing the rules.

A few hours later a girl walks into the barn.

"Visiting hours are 12-5." Recites Marco. Then he sees who it is. "Sorry, Forlay. It's just that we had a horrid time with an author called Jessica DragonTamer."

"Where did she go?? I'm helping ~Utahraptor~;) look for her."

"She left when we told her about rule #345 in the Ani-Writers hand book, Fall/Winter 99 edition."

"Oh, darn. I mean, darn. Not darn. I mean -beep-." Forlay looks annoyed and disappears to continue the hunt.

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Meanwhile Jessica is in Heaven. As little red guys with pitchforks run around lighting fires she is reading rules for a G rated fic (section 5) and applying them to her fic. "No cursing- done. No nudity-done. No sexual scenes-done. Wait a minute! Rachel in a bathing suit is NOT a sexual scene!" She scowls and flips to the PG section, changes the story's rating, and continues cutting inappropriate scenes.

Suddenly there is a loud THUMP behind her. Turning, she sees TRIXSTER, in a heap on the floor.

"How did you get here?"

TRIXSTER gestures upward. "Plot hole."

"Oh." Jessica grimaces in disgust. "That is sooo cliched."

"So's this story."

"Is this better?" Jessica waves her hand and Heaven disappears, replaced by a night landscape. Surrounding them are structures.

They hear [Not the first. There are others.] Pause. [Not like me. They are different. They have come to destroy you.]

TRIXSTER starts whispering, " I'm dreaming. I am NOT stuck in this cliched fic. I am dreaming. I am NOT stu-"

"Oh, shut up." And, in the background [They are called Yeerks. They are different from usâ€|.]"I can make it worse. I could pretend to make up my own plot. You know, different names, vaguely different personalities, etc."

TRIXSTER screams.

Jessica rolls her eyes. "Sorry, OK? You can go now."

TRIXSTER disappears.

Jessica reaches into her pocket and pulls out her Wacom Intuos Graphics Tablet 12inx12in. She sketches a house, thinks for a moment, opens the door and steps inside.

She walks in and hurrys up the steps. She then kicks down the door and bursts in on a startled fishie.

"Can I borrow your copy of The Hork-Bajir Chronicles?"

"And who are YOU?"

"Jessica DragonTamer." Jessica glances around, looking for where fishie keeps her Ani-books.

"Never heard of you."

"What?! Oh, you don't read poems, right?" Jessica smiles and tries to convince herself that she is actually a well known and respected (or at least known) author. After all, she got her license, right?

"Of COURSE I read poems." fishie glares at Jessica. "Are you one of those madman, eh, woman, that pretend to be fanfic authors?"

"I AM a fic author." Jessica manages to look dignified. "I just haven't published anything yet, that's all."

Suddenly a man from BFFACC (Bad Fan Fic Authors Control Center) appears. "I must take you both in custody."

Jessica smiles innocently. "I was just leaving."

"Are you Jessica DragonTamer?"

Jessica considers lying, remembers that the police have her fingerprints on file, and tells the truth.

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"Is it true that you were writing writing a self-insertion fic?"

Jessica rolls her eyes. "All the best writers do..." she then proceeds to list which authors she knew that had done it.

The therapist shakes his head. "They have all published something decent."

"Oh well. While I'm here, can I meet D.M.P.? Please? We have a lot in common..."

End
file.